

# HOW THE GRAND OPERA STARS KEEP THEMSELVES IN CONDITION.

Training Every Day of Their Lives Just Like Professional Athletes, and Each One Has a Favorite Exercise.



MELBAS  
FAVORITE EXERCISE



CALVE  
DANCING  
THE  
BAG



MILLE  
IRMLER'S  
DAILY  
EXERCISE



EAMES  
AND  
HER  
BICYCLE



MILLE  
TRAUBMANN  
BOWLING



MILLE BAUERMEISTER ON HER  
DARLOR HORSE



LASALLE  
EXERCISE  
PISTOL  
SHOT



EDUARD  
DE RESKE  
AS  
A  
WOODSMAN



HER  
BOODIE  
EXERCISE



SIO. CREMONINI  
(CRICKET)  
PLAYERS

It seems ridiculous to say that the stars who sing in grand opera at the Metropolitan, and incidentally getting rich, are actually a company of athletes. But it is true, nevertheless.

There isn't a foot-ball team in the country at the present minute whose members are any more strict or persistent in their physical exercise than those same song birds who are making ready to begin the season this week with "Faust," "Tannhauser," and "The Meistersinger."

Athletic training is an essential part of their complicated and very lucrative business.

It is not all of a great opera singer's life to sing.

The prima donna is not forever trilling away at arias, nor the tenor always strutting in his fatal beauty and filling the air with fine-spun melody.

They are not eternally dressed in tinsel and trappings, and holding a world of listeners in chain with their song.

People who sit at the opera and are uplifted on the big waves of music have a more or less vague notion of the long, patient practice which a singer must go through before fat contracts will go chasing for her signature.

They know that the great opera voices have to be kept in perpetual training, and at the same time nursed as carefully as a frail infant in a harsh climate.

But even that is not all of it. There is more than the voice itself to be taken care

of and kept in perfect order. It is not alone by hours upon hours of vocal practice that the operatic voice is maintained at the high pitch of an incredible salary.

The foundation and prime requisite of a great voice is perfect, all-round health—health which is equal to any strain that can be put upon it, health which knows nothing of bad sleep or miserable mornings—health which mocks at depression and makes a bagatelle of toll.

It is not alone the necessity of maintaining general health, moreover, that keeps them spurred up to a vast amount of physical labor. There is the ever-present fear of getting fat. As the waist expands the repertory dwindles. A chap may have the throat of a nightingale and know how to use it like a master, but he can't very well sing Romeo when he weighs 225. There are musical scales, and there are others.

And there is no being in the world who stands such a glorious chance of getting fat as does the opera singer. In the first place, he—or she—must guard against the slightest cold. Hoarseness is death to song, and hence to income.

The very care which this necessitates is in itself conducive to the perennial bugaboo, fat. The giant salaries which these singers command permit them the choicest of viands and the most luxurious accommodations. They are coddled and swaddled by anxious maids and obsequious valets. A draught is as dread a thing to them as the breath of a pestilence, and the inadvertent opening of a window is looked upon as an assault with intent to kill.

The stars at the Metropolitan follow every line of athletic exercise, but they follow them industriously, setting aside a part of each day for that particular business. None of them plays at football, for that, popular as it is, brings its disfigurements. Calve, perhaps, comes nearest to it in her selection of an exercise.

peculiar manner. Instead of fastening in the usual manner, the coat buttons on both the outside and inside of the opening. By this means, when the coat is buttoned one edge fits within the other and it is practically impossible for the rain to penetrate it.

If by any chance the storm should find an entrance, the overlapping edges of the opening are arranged in U shaped form, lined with rubber, making a regular drain pipe which reaches from the neck of the wearer to the bottom of the garment. By this means the water finds a ready means of escape. To save the cloth from becoming heavy and soaked with the rain there is a sort of double upright collar, which runs all around the neck, just like a house gutter, for the purpose of collecting rain and allowing it to run off. This double or secondary collar connects with the rubber lined with pipe arrangement in the front.

Around the body of the coat, just above the pockets, and like the collar leading into the rubber lined openings, is a raised welt slightly higher at the back than in front. The water which strikes the coat below the collar is led by this welt into the rubber lined opening in front and so out, thus avoiding that which every man detests, namely, heavy rain-soaked coat edges.

These coats can be worn on the street in wet weather if one so desires, but they are principally intended for driving. With the ordinary coat, the driver in wet weather soon finds that the rain is driven in through the front opening of the coat, while if the carriage be an open one the rain running down the coat soon forms most uncomfortable pools of water on the seat of the vehicle.

It is to avoid such discomforts as this that the new storm garment has been devised. While it is not a particularly attractive garment for street wear in the city, it is invaluable to those whose business takes them on long drives in unprotected vehicles in wet weather.

Sprightly, magnetic, sinuous, superb Calve—the whole secret of the splendid physique and the bounding life which she lends to Spanish "Carmen" is told in two words: Calve boxes. Calve and Nordica, who, to the sorrow of many, is not on the lists this year, took up sparring last year while in Chicago. A cleanly scrapper was engaged to introduce the two ladies to the mysteries of "hit, stop and get away." Naturally, it would not seem wise to a songster who gets many hundreds of dollars for an evening's warbling to stand up before a live antagonist, however unskilful and good-natured; but there is no danger in punching the even-tempered and non-combative, but nevertheless active bag, and that is what Calve does. Nordica soon tired of fistuffs, but Calve kept it up, and now it has become a fad with her. In her personal luggage is always carried a stout indistinct bag, with the hooks and elastic straps by which at a moment's notice it may be put in position.

Half an hour after her matutinal coffee the fair Calve gets into a heavy jersey, flannel knickerbockers and a short skirt, and merrily proceeds to thump the unoffending bag to a standstill. At the end of an hour of warfare she is in a perspiration which is death to adipose. Then the attendant maid takes her in hand. After a cold bath, in which milk and champagne and other advertising decoctions cut no figure, she is ready for breakfast. The interval between the morning meal and the afternoon rehearsal she spends on a bicycle in the park, for Calve is a devoted advocate of the wheel.

America's own Emma Eames Storey is another ardent wheelwoman, but her cycling is done only in the way of recreation. As a physical structure she is splendid, and it is small wonder, for she knows what real hard gymnastic work is. Her parlors of a morning look like a full-fledged gymnasium. There are dumbbells

of wood and iron, wands and Indian clubs, which she swings with grace and dexterity.

Melba, naturally a woman of superb development, has for years been accounted a phenomenal pedestrian. With stout walking shoes and a scant-shirted costume, she trudges away for miles into the country, almost every morning, come rain or shine. It is no laggard's walk, but a clipping gait which the big dog at her heels has to trot vigorously to keep pace with. In the afternoon she rides a thoroughbred in the park, and people stare after her in admiration as she goes. She has also a standing engagement with the dumbbells and Indian clubs.

Little Milie, Bauermeister, who is always ready to sing anything, from the title role of "Aida" to the paltry part of a page, takes no chances on horseback or bicycle. In her apartments she has one of the equestrian machines which are so popular in England. It imitates every gait which a saddle horse knows, and the comely Bauermeister rides miles every morning, without stirring outside her bedroom door.

Mlle. Sophie Traubmann has a passion for bowling.\* Every day, in a ladies' gymnasium above Seventy-second street, she twirls the balls in a game of "cocked hat" with a skill which delights her maid and astounds the clerk of the alleys.

Mme. Fella Litvinne, who replaces Nordica, is a statuesque creature, who has recently had substantial warning that the dread embonpoint was after her. To forefend the danger, she works hard every day with a portable exerciser, consisting of two strong elastic, which are fastened to hooks in the wall.

Mme. Eugenie Mantelli, leader of the contralto division, is Italian, and opposed to unnecessary exertion. She has, though, a horror of her shadow growing greater, and to combat it does a deal of calisthenics and undergoes no end of massage.

learned that in diving the neck had come in contact with some hard object at the bottom of the lake. A violent blow had partially severed the spinal marrow at the second dorsal vertebra.

Under careful treatment for two weeks Mr. Patterson had improved to the extent of being able to move his head two inches in either direction. But his muscular power ended with this. All nerves from the point of injury downward were powerless. His skin was insensible to the touch, nor would even the amputation of his limbs have sufficed to awaken the dormant sense of feeling. Such is the condition of physical insensibility in which Patterson has since remained.

With the action of the heart unretarded, it has been possible to keep the patient linked to the world. A perfect constitution has aided science in this respect. As the heart acts freely, circulation of the blood seems unimpeded, but all organs of the body necessary for the sustaining of life perform their actions involuntarily, for brain and nerves have no control.

The absorption of food elements to sustain life has been a serious problem. Appetite has been sustained by tonics, and while digestion has been involuntary, it has been artificially possible. Sterilized milk forms the chief article of diet, while light food of other nature is given to the patient at intervals.

The successful prolonging of the paralytic's life has encouraged physicians to believe that an operation may be of benefit. The patient's life depends upon its success. In a week, the physicians say, unless complications shall develop, they will undertake the task of exposing the spinal lamina, to remove any pressure which may exist. Of this latter they are not certain, though there is a suspicion that a blood clot has formed at the point of injury. If a splinter of bone has formed an obstruction, they hope to succeed in removing it. They even hope for the patient's ultimate restoration to health.

And as for the men.

The de Reszkes are ardent bicyclists, both good fencers and both good billiard players. Jean plays billiards well enough to have beaten several professionals, and Edouard is the fencer of the family. Not a day passes but they put in a deal of work at these three branches. Jean de Reszke is a great lover of horse flesh, too, but though he has a racing stable in Russia which won him \$100,000 last season he never puts a foot into a stirrup himself.

Cremonini, the tenor, is an Adonis in grace and a Sandow in brawn. He is a thoroughgoing pedestrian, an expert with foil and rapier, and a billiardist of renown.

Lassalle, the baritone, is indifferent to his increasing girth, but keeps his nerves in order by daily practice in a Seventh avenue shooting gallery. And he's a wonder with a pistol.

D'Ambigue is an American, and an all-round athlete. He is a member of a swell athletic club, and works regularly in the gymnasium. Handball is his game.

Blapham is an athletic Englishman, who comes to rehearsal in his bike togs, and spends his spare time riding around in search of a cricket game.

The leader of the grand ballet this year is Marthe Imrier, a beauty, with a wondrous figure. What does she do for exercise? Why, comes to the theatre and dances for two straight hours every morning.

**TERRORIZED BY GERMS.**

The germ fad is the latest. Its victim thinks that bacilli lie in wait for him on every object he touches.

One millionaire in this city is made miserable by germs that exist mainly in his brain. Whenever he wants to go into or out of a room he first wraps a piece of clean tissue paper around the handle of the door before turning it.

If he desires to read a book which some other member of his family has been using he first covers it with a sheet of this paper, and he never receives money from any one if he can possibly help it without its having previously been washed. Should necessity, however, compel him to handle coin which has not passed through this cleansing process, he receives it with a piece of tissue paper between the metal and the hand.

This man affects a certain restaurant where his particular ideas are respected. He wipes every dish before using.



JEAN  
DE RESKE  
BILLIARD  
PLAYER